

To the Library.

8 P.M.

November 20th. '96.

My Own Darling

Now I know
how a woman feels, when
her husband sends info
and that he will spend
the evening at the Club.

You poor dear, all
tired out I know, don't
try to come over here, when
you get home, unless you
feel as if I could rest
you a little.

What naughty fate

could have taken you
away from me tonight
I was not at home
when your Father called
so I received explanations
second hand.

I, too, have had a
whirling day; I have
never stopped working
from breakfast time to
this present — did not
get home from town
until quarter to seven
o'clock. I rode out on
the Clyde train with
Dr. Colby and Harold
& another student M. D.

Missing the train I should have taken, I just caught them nicely. Harold will begin to think I am chasing him around the country.

Cannot write decently tonight. have got a crowbar for a few, and my hand shaker from over tired nerves.

Darling, will you be able to be my escort Friday evening? We would leave here about five minutes after seven, and could easily be home before 9.30 — The occasion is my singing at Mrs. Cass's before the "Drama" Society.

"The Evening" stands first amongst the literary societies of Chicago & the il, are many of the leading Judges and professional men & their wives in the city.

I have written Miss. Case to expect you with me, but that need make no difference if you have important matters to attend to: so be frank with your little girls — and don't go to humor me, I thought you might enjoy hearing me sing, you have had few opportunities to enjoy that great pleasure. Now, sweetheart, I shall be up until 10.30 but use your own judgment. If you do not come I will be well happy goodnight & kiss you. Your living Sunshine.

November 25th 90.

My Own Dear Clarence,

I am thinking
how glad you will be in the
first frosty morning to
find a greeting and
"God speed" from your
sunshine. I think you
must have dismissed your
pupils too early tonight;
I don't seem to have got any
thing said. I wonder why
I am such a dumb head
that I can't talk to you.
It has just occurred to
my addled brain that Tues-

day night is your specially
late night for eye work.
and I don't see how you can
get home in time to dress and
start with me at seven o'clock.

Now, darling, don't attempt
the impossible; and if it
is more convenient for you
to come in later, do so.

However not being able
to see you and ~~the~~ talk it
over, the original plan
obtains, ~~we~~, that is Elea
& I leave the house at seven
sharp, if you are here ^{by} ~~so~~
much the better but if you
are not, I shall not worry
but simply think that you
are being good to yourself
which is the same as being
good to me.

Now, darling, for the
matter of this morning's exam

Don't worry one little bit. I shall pray for
you and I know you will come off
well. And while you are writing, just
think that Sunshine is lightening up your
page so that you can see and understand
the questions. This is going to be a rushing
day, if Sam will manage to do the prescribed
work 6-lessons in the morning about 6
short letters that must be written —

Slipper in the afternoon not getting
home much before 6.30 with only
half an hour for supper and dressing.
just another day like today has been, if
not worse. And Sam such a gone
goose in the evening, unable even to keep

awake. I am getting to write
worse and worse all the
time in adverse proportion
as you grow better in that
respect. Now, Sweetheart,
I must say goodnight,
as its so already Friday
morning and I shall have
to redate my chapter. — I am
going to leave this in the
kitchen table with a note
to Hulda asking her to
take it over to your back
door in the morning.

Your loving other self.

Mr. Clarence E. Hemingway
North Oak Park Ave.

Oak Park.